# Interest to Every Woman

LINE O' CHEER Each Day o' Th' Year REMORICH. ·BANGS · I care not what the Weather Bureau From this time on I'm making my And if without the tempests roar and I choose, I'll have sunshine Or if I need the rain, and skies are I know just how to bring dark clouds in sight. Though truth to tell, I plan to spe On cheery days, with brilliant, sunny A-Gloam with joy, and leave the other For solemn folks who'd rather frown

#### WORTH KNOWING

A little sugar or molasses added to the stove polish give a brighter and more lasting polish, also prevents so

In baking fish, lay it first on a piece clean greased cotton cloth, then lay the pan, It can be lifted out when done.

Before breaking eggs for frosting let them stand in cold water for a short time, until the eggs are cooled through, and the frosting will be much stiffer and not take so long to beat, Frowned flour will impart flavor and coloring and make soups and grayles especially good. To brown flour, sift it into a granite ple-pan or flat pan, using about one curful. Then place it in the even to brown; it must be stirred and not allowed to burn. Remove from the oven and sift it as soon as it is browned evenly; keep it in a tin box or fault-jar. It will always add flavor to waymed-over meats.



#### New Indian Animal Stories

How the Rabbit Got a Wife.

By John M. Oskison.





"I have a plan-listen to me." said the rabbit. "To morrow, you and I to fight will get up early, take some lunch and go to the next settlement. Over there they have heard of me as the messon-ger of the council and I will tell them as the fight was petting are order from the council and the fight was petting here. The

"Good" said the 'possum. "Then I up, and pretend to be dend.
And so, my some of the old people. inust go home at once and get to And so, my some of the old people, a wired glosp so we can get an early start." he does to this gay who never there is leaves. "Yes, be sure you take your beauty trouble,

wooded mountains, there was a long dispute about the 'post sum it was all about the 'post sum it was all about the 'post in was such a life was such a life with the result was far ahead of the post was send. The set to be send to b

In the afternoon, when the 'possum called col-for-nothing fellows—they were called ways playing jokes and running as when there was any real work.

One by one the animals in that set to the next settlement, and there you will be next to get to get to wife. And Cone by one, the animals in that set tiement got inserted and began to raise up rice families. All but the raise up rice families. All but the rable and the possum, and to one would take them.

"How shall we get wive?" gaked the passum and he sat down in front of the raibles door, down in the croom grass by the edge of the river, and put his hand under his chine to think. And we a little while the rabbit knocked the ashes out of his pipe, put if in a crack over the door, and went ever to sit down close to the 'possum.

"I have a plan—listen to me." said the rabbit. "To-morrow, you and I begin to fight at once." And the rabbit said it so loudly that everybody in that set tlement took up their arms and began to fight.

hat I bring an order from the council, 'possum came up, and they all jumped for everybody to get married right en him. Not having any weapons to away—and while everybody is getting married, you and I will get a wife fight with because he was on a wed ding journey, all the 'possum could do to save himself was to fall over, curl

For ham and I mix a cup of finely chopped ham, half a cup of bread crumbs, one teaspoen of chopped parsley, one teaspoen of butter, quarter of a teaspoon of made mustard, and enough hot milk to make a smooth, soft paste; spread this in buttered scallop shells, break an egg into each shell and sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Bake in a quick oven until the crumbs are brown and the white of the egg firm. This is an appetizing way of using a little left over cold ham.

Sarah's Muffins. Sarah's Muffins.

MAY IRWIN'S FAVORITE RECIPES.

HAM, AND !

Sarah's Muffins.

For Sarah's Muffins use two cups of flour, two eggs, one cup of milk, one teaspoon of sugar, one heaping teaspoon of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of butter. Sift the flour, salt, baking powder and sugar together; beat the eggs until very light, add them to the milk, then sift the flour and other ingredients into the milk and eggs. Melt the butter and add it to the mixture. Fut into muffin tins and bake for twenty-five minutes in a hot eyen. minutes in a hot oven.

May liwin. I can't remember where I got this recipe for cooking bacon properly, but I do recall that it was couched in such flowery terms it sounded appetizing, so I tried it and it is all that it promises. To crisp bacon to that point of toothsome delicacy that It breaks in the mouth and liberates not a suspicion of grease, lay the slices on a hot spider and turn them frequently, pouring off the meited grease as it gathers. When brown, lift it out carefully upon soft paper and set it in the oven to dry. The bacon will be clear enough of all grease to serve on a napkin if so prepared.

Short Bread. Short Bread.

Short Bread.

For short bread use one quart of flour, two tablespoons of lard, one tablespoon of butter, three teaspoons of baking powder, one teaspoon of salt. Mix the flour, baking powder and salt together; then rub the butter and lard well into the flour and mix with cold milk, using cold hands to the process, to the consistency of biscult dough, bake on the top of the stove on a griddle. Split open and generously buttered, this is delicious for strawberry shortcake.

For griddle cakes use three cups of flour, one and a half plats of milk, one tenspoon of salt, two tenspoons of baking powder and three eggs. Beat the eggs and add to the milk. Stir the flour, baking powder and salt together, add to the milk and eggs and beat well.

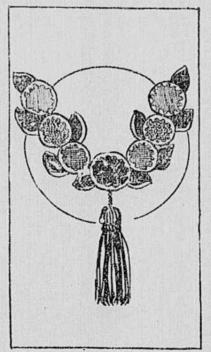
Dick's Biscuits. For Dick's biscuits, use one quart of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one teaspoon of salt. Mix thoroughly in the flour; rub in equal parts of butter and lard, each about the size of an egg, mix with cold, sweet milk, as soft as can be handled, roll out not too thin, and bake in a hot oven.

prices that seem amazing. For, al-though the materials do cost a pretty penny, if the garters are expensive, still they cost only a small percentage of the price of the finished product. One shop sells a pair of delightful garters in a small bandbox for \$4.50. The garters are made of pale pink or blue satin shirred over clastic and each is decrated with a little band of small satin flowers. Another attractive sort is made of satin ribbon, shirred over clastic and edged along the bottom with slightly gathered, soft cream lace. These garters should be put in a dainty box of some sort to be at their best. some sort to be at their best.

One of the shops shows table sets of dolleys, as well as big table covers, embroidered with designs copied from those on willow china. The pieces of table lines, of course, are for use with willow china. Each design shows a waving willow tree, and two little birds, with bills touching, darting in the air, in other details the designs airfer. In some there is a small pagoda, in others graried trees on the banks of little lakes. Each design on the little. the linen is copied from designs on willow-ware china. The linen is edged either with a hemstitched hem, or with a scallop worked in blue, the color used to embroider the willow designs The work on this linen shown in the shops is done by machine. The smallest dolleys cost \$4.50 n dozen. A big round tablecloth costs \$20.

And the work is machine work at that—but it is beautiful. Some of this linen might be copied. That is to say, any one who is moderately to say, any one who is moderately clever about designing could copy a design from a willow plate—at least such parts of the design as were needed—on a plate dolley, and then could embroider it with blue cotton. The sort of linen to use is a heavy, firm, but not stiff sort. The edges of the dollers stiff sort. The edges of the dolleys can be scalloped with a small, narrow blue scallop. Lunch cloths or cloths for the sideboard and serving table can be hemstitched

A charming little traveling case is ONG time ago, in the sleep?" cried the rabbit, and as the camps of the Indians who lived in the wooded mountains, there was a long dissection.



NECKWEAR NOTE. Quaint little conventionalized flower In harmonizing colors are arranged on a wired stem set with stiff green silk The tassel is made up of all

colors used in the flowers.



wed neck piece and scruff of Pe

#### A REMINDER



A HOUSE DRESS.

The jacket is of blue silk, with collar of flowered silk. The skirt a succession of plak tulle ruffles accented by thay black velvet bows.

#### WHITE SILKS

How to Care for Them and Prevent Them From Yellowing. As all sorts of white sitky materials re apt to be yellowed by continued yellowed by continued

laundering the following plan is worth Procure a piece of good quality white soap, make a strong cold suds, im-merse the article and allow it to soak for half an hour. Then wash the silk well between the hands, but do not rub it on a board. If there are any badly solled spots scrub them lightly with a soft brush. Rinse in several waters until not a trace of soap is visible, squeeze our some of the water, shake the silk well, though gently, and hang it where the air will blow on it; If where the air will blow on it; do not let the sun shine on white silk. When nearly dry, take down the silk, fold smooth and press on the wrong

children,

### MENU

BREAKFAST Stewed Pears Fried Veal Chops Potato Cakes LUNCHEON A Fondu of Cheese Currant Bread Tea Lettuce with Mayonnaise

Chicken Broth with Rice Baked, Stuffed Fowl Creamed Onions Watercress Salad

DINNER

Apple Tarts

side with a warm (not hot) fron until perfectly dry.

Never twist or wring silk to get out the moisture; simply squeeze it gently between the hands.

Pongee and light-colored rajah may be washed in the same way; only wait until they are bone dry before the fronting begins.

A Fondu of Cheese,

Grate cheese and crush broken and dried broken and dried broken and she crumbs. Have twice as much broad as cheese, if you have two cupfuls of bread crumbs and one of cheese use about two cupfuls of milk (in which a pinch of soda has been dissolved) to moisting they are bone dry before the ironing begins.

A Fondu of Cheese,

Grate cheese and crush broken and much of an effort.

Mrs. Redmond Wrandall was the vine and fig tree.

And now they had brought her dearly beloved son home to her, murdered and—disgraced. If it had been either of soda has been dissolved) to moisting they are bone dry before the ironing begins.

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The flower-trimmed hat has returned. Everything bags, and everything is covered until the fondu is puffed high and is crusty on top. Uncover, brown slight-shildren, children, and pickles with this,

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The flower-trimmed hat has returned. Sara caught her breath, but uttered an agontzed "I told you so" at a time when the family was sitting numb and bushed under the blight of the first hord blow. He did not mean to be until the fondu is puffed high and is crusty on top. Uncover, brown slight-ly and serve at once, Pass crackers and pickles with this,

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The flower-trimmed hat has turned against her.

Leslie had taste—or perhaps the dish cover of the first hat the first of the first hat the firs

## HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. |about the quivering houlders of his SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Mrs. Wrandall, having identifed the body of a man lying in a roadhouse near New York as that of her husband, hurries homeward. Overtaking the girl who had accompanied her husband to the inn on the preceding night and who had mysteriously disappeared, she is moved to befriend her, and, after hearing the bare outline of the girl's story of her acquaintance with the dead man, offers her a home. Wrandall's funeral takes place.

Better than a circus said a man who held his little daughter above the heads of the crowd so that she might see the fine lady in a syld-beast fur. Swellest funeral New York ever had, remarked another, ex- him," began his moher, cepting one 'way back when he was "Please, mother," ie cr

kid. At the corner below stood two patrol

Inside the house sat the carefully selected guests, hushed and stiff and gratited. (Not because they were attending a funeral, but because the occasion served to separate them from casion served to separate them from the cleet.) It casion served to separate them from the chaff—they were the clect.) It would be going too far to intimate that they were proud of themselves, but it is not stretching it very much to say that they counted noses with considerable satisfaction and were glad that they had not been left out. The real, high-water mark in New York society was ostablished at this memorable function. It was quite plain to "See here, Lest, was Chal so—so—"

widow to be there—and, after all, she was uspatairs with the family. Even so, she was a Wrandall—remotely, of course, but recognizable.

Yes, they counted noses, so to say, As one after the other arrived and was ushered into the huge drawing-room, he or she was accorded a congratulatory look from those already assembled a tribute returned with equal amiability. Each one noted who else was there, and cach one said to himself that at last they really had something all to themselves. It was truly a pleasure, a relief, to be able to do something without being pushed about by people who didn't belong but thought they did. They sat back—stiffly, of course—and in utter stillness confessed that there could be such a thing as the survival of the fittest. Yes, there wasn't a ness there that couldn't be counted with perfect screenly. It was a notable occasion.

Mrs. Wrandall, the elder, had made out the list. She did not consult her daughter-in-law in the matter. It is true that Sara forestalled her in a way by sending word, through Leslie, that she would be pleased if Mrs. Wrandall would issue invitations to as mainy of Challis's friends as she decreed advisable. As for herself, she had no wish in the matter; she would be satisfied with whatever a angements the family cared to make.

It is not to be supposed, from the foregoing, that Mrs. Wrandall, the elder, was not stricken to the heart by the lamentable death of her ladd. It was her idol. He was her first-born, he was her idol. He was her first-born, he was her lovel-born. He came to her in the days when she loved her hushand without much thought of respecting him. She was beginning to regard.

he was her love-born. He came to her in the days when she loved her hustand without much thought of respecting him. She was beginning to regard him as something more than a lover when Leslie came, so it was different. When their daughter, Viylan, was born she was plainly annoyed but wholly respectful. Mr. Wrandall was no longer the lover; he was her lord and master. The head of the house no longer the lover; he was her lord and master. The head of the house of Wrandall was a person to be looked up to, to be respected and admired by her, for he was a very great man, but he was dear to her only because he was the father of Challis, the first-lorn.

Black kid gloves our his lips. The floor creaked horrible as he went back to his chair.

Beside Sara Wranall, on the small pink divan, sat a strager in this sombre company—a yung woman in black, whose pale face was uncovered, and whose lashes lifed so rarely that

he was the father of Challis, the first-born.

In the order of her nature, Challis, therefore, was her most dearly beloved. Vivian the least desired and last in her affections as well as in sequence.

Strangely enough, the three of them perfected a curiously significant record of conjugal endowments. Challis had always been the wild, wayward unrestrained one, and by far the most lovable; Leslie, almost as good looking but with scarcely a noticeable tractory (Vivian, handsome, selfish and as cheerless as the wind that blows across the icebergs in the North, Challis had been born with a widely enveloping heart and an elastic conscience, Leslie with a brain and a soul and not much of a heart, as things go; Vivian with a soul alone, which belonged to God, after all, and not to her, of course she had a heart, but it was only for the purpose of pumping blood to remote extremities, and had nothing whatever to do with anything so unutterably extraneous as love, charity or self-sacrifice.

bre company—a yung woman in black, whose pale fae was uncovered and whose lastes lited so rarely that one could not know of the deep, real paid that lay behindhem, in her Irish blue eyes.

She had arrived at he house an hour or two before the tim set for the ceremony, in company with the widow of Challis Wrandall his remained away from the home of hi people until the last hour. She had seen consulted, to be sure, in regard to the final arrangements, but the meetings had taken bear of the course in low-blocks distant from the louse in low-locks distant from the louse in low-lo

As for Mr. Redmond Wrandall he was a very proper and dignified gentleman, and old for his years.

Secretly, Vivian was his favorite. Moreover, possessing the usual contrariness of man, and having been at one time or other a hot-blooded lover, he professed—also in secret—a certain admiration for the beautiful, warmhearted wife of his cldest son. He looked upon her from a man's point of view. He couldn't help that. Not once, but many times, had he said to himself that perhaps Challis was lucky to have got her instead of one of the girls his mother had chosen for him out of the minute elect.

It was he who gently cloud the door after the two women whin, on the morning of the funeral, tily entered the dark, flower-lader room in which stood the casket containing the body of his brother. He left then alone together in that room for haf an hour or more, and it was he vho went for ormore, and it was he vho went for ormore, and it was he vho went for other than the made it a point to ask Sara all about her. It was he who gently cloud the door after the two women whin, on the morning of the funeral, tily entered the dark, flower-lader room in which stood the casket containing the body or more, and it was he vho went for ormore, and it was he who gent in the guestin to all the guestin to a Mashed Potatoes out of the minute elect.

aghast. He colored, and dow her closer to

"I-I didn't mean ;" he faltered. "You have always aken sides against

"Please, mother," ie cried miscrably, "You say this to be now," she went on. "You who ar left to take his place in my affectin- Why, Leslie,

on the occasion of 11s firt visit, Les-ty or self-sacrifice.

As for Mr. Redmond Wrandall he was second time he called, he made it a

out of the minute elect.

It may be seen, or rather surmised, that if the house of Wrandall had not been so admirably centred under its own vine and fig tree, it might have become divided against itself without surply of an effort.

Mrs. Wrandall, the elder, kissed Sand and drew her down beside her on the couch. To her own surrise, as well as that of the others, Sand broke down and wept bitterly. After all, she was become divided against itself without surply for Challis's mother. It was the